

ON SECRET SERVICE

True Stories of Experiences in the State, War, Treasury and Postoffice Departments by
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No. 6.—An Inside Case.

Col. Cheney took down the telephone
receiver in answer to a ring.

"Hello."
"Yes, this is Cheney."

"Oh, it's you, Van Cott. Sure thing.
I'm a—1 you're in town. Come right
up."

Ten minutes later Mr. Cornelius Van
Cott, general superintendent of one of
the large express companies, appeared
in Cheney's office. Cheney and Van
Cott were old friends.

"Well, what on earth brings you
here, Van?" said Cheney, after shaking
hands. "Whatever it is, I'm glad
to see you. I'll put you up while you're
in the city."

"Hold on, Cheney, this is a business
trip, not for pleasure."

"With you?" interrupted Cheney,
laughing.

"Stop your foolishness. I came here
to see you personally—on business, un-
derstand—important business. You
won't put me up, either, nor will you
be here for a few days after I get
through with you."

"How?" It's the real thing, then.
Cheney had a pretty good idea of the
nature of the business. His detective
service company had done a lot of
valuable work for Van Cott's corpora-
tion, and whenever anything unusual
happened Cheney was called upon to
do the work necessary to solve the
case. This, notwithstanding Van Cott's
company had a pretty good secret
service department of its own. The
head of this department, John Cogni-
an, was a warm admirer of Cheney,
personally, and he had no jealous feel-
ings when Cheney was called in on a
difficult case.

"It hasn't been in the papers, as yet,
but I presume you know our St. Louis
office was touched to the extent of
\$100,000 a few days since. The money
disappeared as if by magic. It was
checked in all right, and apparently
checked out the same way, but when
the package was opened by the consign-
ee it was found to contain tissue
paper."

"Who was the consignee?"
"Third National. It was a remittance
from a Pacific coast bank. We put
our own men to work on the case, and
notified the St. Louis police. There
hasn't been much progress made, and
that's the reason I'm here. I want you
to take the case—your personal, un-
derstand."

"Suspect anyone at all?" asked Chen-
ey, biting off the end of a cigar.

"No, not a soul. I've looked up the
record of every man in the office, and
they all appear good to me."

"Who receives the money in the St.
Louis office? I mean large amounts?"

"Mare Catlin received this package."

"Catlin?" said Cheney, interrogat-
ively. "Is that your president's
name?"

"Yes, and Mare Catlin is his nephew.
Oh, he's all right."

"How old?"

"About 35."

"Habits?"

"Good, now. About seven years ago
he got mixed up financially. Thought
he was a Napoleon of Wall street. Usual
result—went broke and through
bankruptcy. His uncle put him in the
express business, and he has since
done mighty good work. We are on
the eve of promoting him to a better
position."

"Anyone else around Catlin while
this particular package was being
handled?"

"There was another clerk, Daniels
by name, but Catlin says the package
wasn't out of his sight from the minute
he received it until it was handed
the bank messenger. And the bank
messenger, by the way, was one of the
assistant cashiers, who was sent down
purposely by the president for this re-
mittance. He brought another man
with him, and the package was deliv-
ered to the bank as received."

"That's what the assistant cashier
says, eh?"

"Yes, and that's true, all right, Chen-
ey. The bank officer, Chadwick, and
the other man, are well known in so-
ciety, financially well fixed, no bad hab-
its. I've had them looked up. They
didn't take it."

"You've certainly got a tip of mys-
tery there, Van Cott. Who of the St.
Louis force has been active on the
case?"

"The chief gave me his best man,
Lieut. Darrel, and he, in turn, has had
several men working with him; but
apparently, they're up against a blank
wall. Now, it's up to you, Cheney. Are
you willing to take it?"

"Yes, I'll do it," replied Cheney.

"Any other officer of the company
know you were coming to me?"

"No, I'm the only one. You work
it out, and your reward will be com-
mensurate with the size of the case."

"Don't you worry about that, Van.
I'll make my bill ample enough to suit
all requirements." All through the
conversation Cheney had assumed a

spirit of gallantry toward Van Cott, but
underneath it all he was doing a lot of
thinking, and his mind was quickly
made up.

"Go back to St. Louis, Van Cott.
Pursue your investigation and later
you will hear from me. I'll be down
that way before long and will see you
later."

Van Cott took his leave and Cheney
gave the case a great deal of thought
that day. Miss Woods had been in an
adjoining room and through a con-
cealed speaking tube had heard every
word of the conversation, had taken it
down, and later gave Col. Cheney
the transcribed report. He went over
it very carefully and then filed it away
properly. A full record was kept of
every case handled by Col. Cheney or
his men. He came to the conclusion
it was an "inside case," that is to say,
the stealing was done by some one on
the inside who was in the pay or power
of an outsider or a gang. This was the
theory on which he would work. First he
wanted to find out what progress the St.
Louis force was making. He wanted their
theories and ideas. Already he knew the
express company's side of the case.

lying on his desk. "I've just been read-
ing them."

"I'll want to study these papers
while, May I take them to the hotel
with me? I'll bring them back to you
in the morning."

"All right, Colonel, and if you want
any further help, let me know."
Cheney walked to the old Planter's
hotel, where he was very well known,
went to his room and denied himself
to everybody. Darrel's reports were
spread out in front of him and he went
over them several times, making a
mental note here and there. The only
item that stood out prominently was
that a certain "Red" Michelson was in
St. Louis the day the money disap-
peared, but he had not been seen there
since. Darrel's theory was that Michelson
was implicated in the robbery. Michelson
was an all round high class
crook. In a number of former robberies
similar to this one he had played a
prominent part and on two occasions
had "done time" for his shortcomings.
It was known that Michelson had con-
federates in several places who were
ever ready to help him in his nefarious
works. Cheney knew all this before he
read Darrel's report, and the theory

dresser, unmarried and boarded way
out on Pine street. He had only been
in the St. Louis office about three
months, having come from Denver. His
salary was but \$65 per month, and he
appeared to live up to it.

The next day (Friday) Cheney went
to the express office. Van Cott re-
ceived him graciously, and rendered
him every assistance. Catlin was
called in and told a straightforward
story. He had received the package,
verified the seals and placed it with
a number of others in a basket. Later
they were placed in the vault. The
bank messenger, Chadwick, called, re-
ceived for the package and that was
all there was to it. Naturally, \$100,-
000, even though it be in bills of large
denominations would make a bulky
package. Catlin's story of the receipt
of the package was so complete Cheney
did not call in Daniels.

"Van Cott," he said, after talking
it over, "I am convinced there were
two and perhaps three men in this
deal. There's probably a man on the
inside here and one outside. They've
worked it pretty smoothly, but the end
is not yet. I am satisfied Catlin is not
the man, and I'm not sure but what the
change was made out on the coast. Of
course I know the safe in which that
package was placed came through under
seal from Frisco. Your records show it
was not opened in transit. I've sent to
Chicago for one of my men, Guthrie. He'll
be here tonight. To all intents and pur-
poses he's one of your men, but he'll
take his orders from me." Cheney left
the express office and went to the city
hall to see Chief Landingham and to
return Darrel's reports. Darrel was there
and acknowledged the introduction with
a curt nod of the head and a "Howdy,
Colonel." His manner was the least
bit resentful, as if he considered it
impertinence for Col. Cheney to be
on a case he was supposed to handle.
Cheney did not like him a little bit.
There was something sinister about his
look and manner and his eyes were
shifty, but that might have been an
unfortunate characteristic. He had
been on the St. Louis force a number
of years, and, truth to tell, had estab-
lished a good record. Cheney watched
him narrowly.

"I've read your reports, Darrel, and
rather than from them you think prob-
ably 'Red' Michelson may have had a
hand in the case."

"Sure as shootin', Colonel. Michelson
was here that day and in the ex-
press office. I got that straight."

"Where did you get that informa-
tion, Darrel?"

"Well, you see I heard in a general
way he was here, so I took his photo-
graph of the gallery for identification
purposes. Several people saw him here
that day."

"Yes, but who?"

"Well, Daniels recognized the picture
in a minute. So did Michelson when
he was in the office while the \$100,000 pack-
age was there."

"Ah, Daniels recognized him, did he?"

"Yes, and it's all plain as mud to
me. Catlin gave Michelson the real
package and substituted the phony."
Michelson disappeared that night,
but I've located him in New York,
and Monday night I'm going after him.
You'll see he and Catlin are the ones.
Why, it's plain as mud."

"Yes, thought Cheney, "it is as plain
as mud."

"Of course you'll take a representa-
tive of the express company along
with you."

"Yes, thought Cheney, "it is as plain
as mud. He'll be able to identify him. But I'll
leave that to Van Cott."

Darrel went out and Cheney talked
over with the chief. The chief was
evening at 4:30 Guthrie arrived from
Chicago and reported to Cheney. He
gave an outline of the case and then
Cheney said: "Watch Daniels; don't
let him out of your sight from the time
you first see him until you know he
has gone. Keep him under a quick trip
east." Guthrie was true blue. Cheney
knew that. All Cheney wanted to do
was to keep in touch with Darrel and
Daniels until he heard from New York.
Monday night he should have his
finger on the pulse right at that
minute who the culprits were, but he
didn't want them to get wind before
he was ready to act.

The next morning (Saturday) Guthrie
reported. Daniels had gone home.
Stayed there until 8 o'clock, slipped out
of the house, went down to some re-
sorts lower Pine street, and spent
money pretty freely. At 1 a. m. he
started back home and at Twelfth and
Pine streets met Darrel and talked for
a few moments. They seemed to know
each other pretty well. On the way
down-town that morning he stopped at
the postoffice and received mail at the
general delivery.

"Good," said Cheney, "just hang
around now where I can get you
quick; things are moving."

Chief Landingham sent for Cheney
and consulted with him on the advan-
tages of arresting Catlin.

"No, I wouldn't do that just yet,
chief," said Cheney. "I'd have Catlin
shadowed for a day or so, so he won't
get away. He can be arrested any time
and we will get all the culprits together.
Let's play them, chief."

"All right, Cheney, I guess you're
right, but I don't want to fail."

"You won't fail, chief. We'll have
the thieves within three days." And
Cheney smiled to himself.

Sunday was a day seemingly of in-
activity. Cheney dined with Van Cott.
One of Chief Landingham's sleuths was
watching Catlin and Guthrie spotted
Daniels.

Monday morning there was a confer-
ence in Chief Landingham's office.
Cheney was there, so was Van Cott
and Darrel. To all intents and purposes
Cheney and Van Cott acquiesced in
Darrel's plan to leave that night for
New York to arrest Michelson. Darrel
had used the time from Friday until
Monday to get the necessary extradi-
tition papers. Every one complimented
Darrel on his perspicacity and good
judgment.

"I'll send Green, one of our trusted
men, with you, Darrel," said Van Cott.
"and he can represent the company in
any transaction that you may have. He's
a good man and you can trust him."

"All right, Mr. Van Cott, there won't
be any trouble, I reckon."

The meeting broke up. Cheney and
Van Cott went to the express office.
Guthrie was there.

"Said," said Cheney, "your name is
Green for the next few days. You
leave tonight for New York with Dar-
rel of the St. Louis force. You will take
breakfast in Toledo tomorrow morning.
I will probably send you a message
there, follow its directions implicitly.
Keep your eyes and ears open and if
Darrel should attempt to lose you be-
tween here and Toledo arrest him and
notify me. He's a bad man in a gun
play. Look out for him."

"All right, Colonel, I'll be Johnny on
the spot." Guthrie was always laconic.

At 9:30 that night Darrel and Guthrie
left over the Wabash for New York
via Toledo. Cheney had one of his St.
Louis men watch Daniels. He didn't
want to lose track of him just yet. He
had also made arrangements with the
postmaster to send up any mail which
might arrive from New York that
night. The fast mail was due at 10
o'clock. Cheney and Van Cott waited.
At 11:45 a messenger came with the ex-
press papers from McCarran. Cheney
broke the seal and scanned the brief
contents.

"I thought so, damn him. Falsus in
uno, falsus in omnibus is an old pre-
cept of law, Van Cott, and it applies
here. McCarran says on the day the
robbery was committed 'Red' Michelson
was in Roosevelt hospital, had been op-
erated upon for appendicitis and is
there yet. A likely story of Darrel's.
A telegraph blank, please, Van."

Cheney sent the following telegram
to Guthrie at Toledo:

"Beth Green, care Supt. L. S. & M.
St. Depot, Toledo, Ohio: Arrest Darrel
for \$100,000 robbery—bring him back if
he'll come—if not turn him over to To-
ledo police and await papers. Daniels
has confessed—wire report."

"Sigh," said Cheney, "CHENEY."

"Read that and have it sent, please,
Van Cott."

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Adolph Segal

THE PHILADELPHIA BANK CRASH.

One of the most startling crashes in the history of American finance oc-
curred on Aug. 28, when the Real Estate Trust company of Philadelphia went
to the wall with a deficit of nearly \$7,000,000, following the suicide of Frank J.
Hipple, the company's president, and the discovery that the latter had left the
concern a honeycomb of wildest speculation. The immediate cause of the failure
is laid at the door of Adolph Segal, a promoter, to whom Hipple loaned
sums aggregating \$3,000,000.

Segal, who only a few years ago, was a poor soap-maker, declares his se-
curity will in a short time realize its full value and that the company will
lose nothing through its transactions with him. Meanwhile, Segal, together
with William F. North, the treasurer of the company, and Marshall S. Colling-
wood, the assistant treasurer, are under arrest.

Cheney was a firm believer in co-opera-
tion, where the parts co-operating were
harmonious. His relations with the po-
lice departments of the various cities
were most cordial and when he ap-
peared in Chief Landingham's office in
St. Louis the next morning he was well
received.

"What case are you on now, Colonel?"
asked the chief.

"That \$100,000 express robbery," re-
plied Cheney.

"The chief was interested at once.
"The express robbery, eh? Well, it's
a damned puzzling case, Cheney, and
I'm not sorry you're in it. You can de-
pend on my co-operation."

"I know that chief, and that's why
I came to you. Who have you working
on the case now? I mean actively?"

"Of course Cheney knew Darrel was
doing the work, but he didn't want the
chief to know he knew it."

"I put Darrel at work as soon as
the express company notified me of the
robbery. You know Darrel, don't you,
Cheney?"

"Yes, I have heard of him. Has he
made any progress?"

"Not much, although he's worked
pretty hard."

"May I see his reports?" asked
Cheney.

"Certainly," said the chief, handing
Cheney a package of papers which were

looked like a plausible one. Cheney also
knew Michelson by sight and his photo-
graph was in his Chicago rogue's gal-
lery. Every police department in the
country knew Michelson, and his move-
ments were recorded and reported from
time to time. The last Cheney had
heard of him he was in New York and
was keeping pretty well under cover.
His health was reported as breaking
down. These things caused Cheney to
ponder deeply.

"Was Michelson really here on that
day?" Darrel said in his report he heard
he was," Cheney asked himself.

"It won't be a hard matter to find
out," he soliloquized. "This is Thurs-
day. I ought to have an answer by
Tuesday next. I'll write McCarran; he
can tell me." McCarran was chief of
the New York detective force. Cheney
wrote the letter, asking if McCarran
knew where "Red" Michelson was on
the day (naming the date) of the ex-
press robbery. After mailing the letter
Cheney busied himself investigating
Catlin, Daniels, Chadwick and the other
men. He merely verified Van Cott's
report about them. Chadwick and his
friend were above reproach. Catlin, too,
notwithstanding his previous experi-
ences, was apparently living a decent
life. He was married and resided in
Kirkwood. Daniels, the other clerk re-
ferred to by Van Cott, was a good



Gen. Mario G. Menocal

The man of the hour in the present
crisis in Cuba seems to be Gen. Mario
G. Menocal. To him both the insur-
gents and the Palma government are
expected to turn for a settlement of
the civil strife into which the "Pearl
of the Antilles" has been thrown. Gen.
Menocal is young, intelligent, honest
and exceedingly popular. The insur-
gents have talked of him as the man
they want at the head of the govern-
ment. Menocal is very tactful, and
he, if any one, can effect a compromise
arrangement. So far he has kept
aloof from each side.

"Yes, but—Cheney—you say Daniels
has confessed. He hasn't."

"Oh, I know that," laconically replied
Cheney, "but he will before another day."

rolls around." And with that both men
went to bed.

Guthrie and Darrel reached Toledo at
7:30 the next morning and went in the
depot diningroom for breakfast, and
while there Cheney's telegram was
brought to Guthrie. Darrel watched
his face as he read it, but Guthrie was
too well trained to give anything away.

"What is it, Green?" asked Darrel.

"A message from Cheney," answered
Guthrie, putting it in the envelope.

"Here," he said, "you'd better read it."

Darrel picked it up, looked at the
supercription and started to take the
message out when—snap! quick as a
flash Guthrie had the dardies on his
wrists and he was looking in the bar-
rel of a gun held in Guthrie's right
hand.

"It's all up, Darrel, you're my pris-
oner."

"Prisoner be damned!" fumed Dar-
rel. "What for? Here, take those
prons off me. If this is a joke you'll
pay dear for it."

"Joke, eh?" laughed Guthrie. "Go
on and read the telegram and you'll
find out the joke is on you."

Darrel 4d read, and when he came
to "Daniels has confessed," his face
became livid with rage and the veins
of his neck stood out like whipcords.

"Confessed! Well, the damned little
sneak Confessed! God, what wouldn't
I give to have my hands on him this
minute!" and in his wild anger he did
just what Cheney had expected he
would do—exposed his hand.

Of course, the scene just described
created quite a commotion in the de-
pot restaurant. A depot officer came
in and Guthrie and he took Darrel up
town to the jail. At first he was ob-
durate and refused to go back to St.
Louis without papers, but finally con-
sented to do so, "just to get even with
that hound, Daniels," as he expressed it.

At 9:30 Tuesday morning Cheney
received a message from Guthrie, say-
ing:

"Arrested Darrel this morning. Con-
sents to come back to St. Louis. Will
arrive tonight. Darrel wild against
Daniels."

"I thought so," said Cheney to Van
Cott. "Now we'll have Mr. Daniels."

Mr. Van Cott sent for him and he
came in blithe and chipper as a May
morning.

"Mr. Daniels," said Cheney as soon
as the door was closed, "I arrest you
for complicity in the recent \$100,000
robbery from this office. A six-shoot-
er was handy, but it wasn't necessary.
Daniels, with his knees almost sank
from under him; he looked wildly
from Cheney to Van Cott."

"Good God! Mr. Van Cott, I—why
—I didn't have anything to do with
it. I didn't—Catlin said he—"

Speech failed him.

"Darrel was arrested this morning
in Toledo. He was going to New York
to meet him there a week
hence. A third man was to join him,
and the spoils was to be divided. A
clever scheme, Daniels—but Darrel
has confessed."

The last statement revived Darrel.
He became the antithesis to what he
had just been. Like Darrel, he fumed
and raged and in the end gave every-
thing away.

"Who was the third man, Daniels?"
asked Cheney. "Come, speak up, I
may help mitigate your punishment."

Daniels hesitated a moment, and
then told all. Sinclair, of the "Frisco
office," was in the scheme. Darrel ur-
gued the idea and Sinclair and Dani-
els were his dupes. Sinclair re-
ceived the package from the "Frisco" bank
made a duplicate of it and sent it by
mail to Daniels, care of general de-
livery, St. Louis. When the real pack-
age came in Catlin received it, and
after entering its arrival three it in
the basket. Just then his attention
was called by a man at his window.
That man was Darrel in disguise. Cat-
lin's back was only turned an instant,
but in that time Daniels made the
change, substituting the bogus pack-
age for the real one. That night he
turned it over to Darrel, who im-
mediately left St. Louis. Daniels was
excuse to leave St. Louis. Daniels was
to go with him, but Cheney thwarted
that. Later, Daniels was to resign.
Sinclair and he were to come to New
York, divide the spoils and then leave
the country.

Daniels was locked up and Chief
Landingham notified of Darrel's ar-
rest. He was simply dumfounded.

Darrel was brought back that night
and lodged in a cell far removed from
Daniels. The next morning both cul-
prits were brought in to Chief Lan-
dingham's office.

"You damned cur," growled Darrel,
"what did you want to peach for? We
had a cinch." Good judgment had
given way to anger.

"I didn't say a word until you
squealed," said Daniels.

Darrel looked from one to the other
of the men in the office. All at once
he realized what had been done.

"Well, by the eternal, Cheney, you've
given us the double cross all right!"
"Call it that if you want to," said
Cheney. "You'll probably have am-
ple time to think it over."

He certainly did. "Fifteen years,"
said the judge a few months later.

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